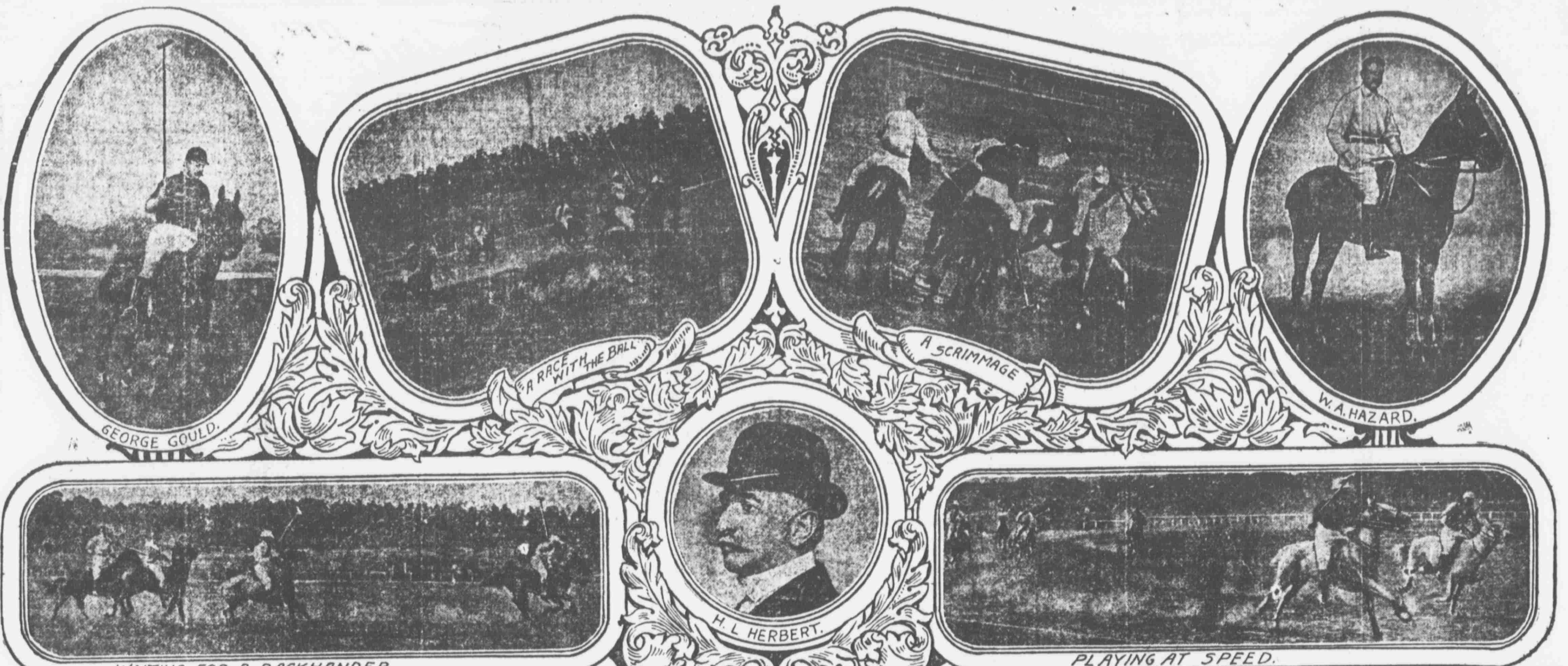


POLO THE GAME OF GAMES TO ITS VOTARIES

To Play It the Year Round They Follow the Sun to the South and Return With It to the North—It Combines the Zest of Race Riding With the Hard-hitting of Racquets, and Is as Dangerous as Steeplechasing—Not a Game for the Poor Man, Though—The Polo Ponies—The Round of Polo.



Hoofbeats have stirred the hearts of the admirers of polo at Camden, Aiken and New Orleans throughout the winter, and also in southern California, indeed wherever the ponies could be galloped while the turf is icebound in the North, for the zeal of the votaries of polo is never frozen, and many of them follow the sun with their ponies. There has been but one open tournament, however. It was held by the Camden, S. C. Country Club, and it ranks always as the annual opening of the competitive season in the Polo Association. The remark about open tournaments does not apply to the Pacific coast, where the clubs have an association of their own and play under Hurlingham rules.

Until this year the next stop on the circuit after the Camden tournament was the play at the Lakewood Polo Club, where the members use by courtesy the field and stables of George J. Gould in Georgian Court.

The two Gould boys are at college and may not readily play this year in their accustomed places with the team, which perhaps explains the cancelling of the open tournament. There are informal matches at Lakewood three or four afternoons each week, just the same, throughout this month, and the players put as much vim into their games as though they were for international honors.

There are mounts for Kingston and Jay Gould whenever they choose to play, which is usually on a Saturday, and for visiting poloists, while the regular players of the Lakewood Club are usually George Gould, Irving T. Brush, H. L. Herbert, H. M. Earle and Benjamin Nicol.

Mr. Nicol plays polo at the Whipsnary River Country Club, the former country estate of Eugene Higgins at Morristown, after the wind-up at Lakewood, and the club, which was started only last spring, will be a new stop on the polo tournament round this season.

With Lakewood a blank, the tournaments of the Polo Association may be divided into distinct groups. Play in the New York group begins in May, and by the

middle of July tournaments will have been decided at the Country Club of Westchester, Meadow Brook Club, Rumson Polo Club, at Sea Bright, Rockaway Hunting Club and Great Neck Polo Club.

June is the chosen time for the tournaments of the Philadelphia group, at the Devon Polo Club, Bryn Mawr Polo Club and Country Club of Philadelphia. August brings into prominence the field days of the Point Judith Country Club, at Narragansett Pier, and the Westchester Polo Club, at Newport.

The Boston clubs now swing into line, with tournaments of chief consequence at the Myopia Hunt Club and the Dedham Polo Club, and in the last half of September there will be events at the Rumford Polo Club, Providence; Taconic Polo Club, Hartford, and the New Haven Polo Club.

There will also be fall tournaments near by, including those of Squadron A at Van Cortlandt Park and the Staten Island Polo Club. There is also tournament play at Buffalo, the Saratoga Polo Club and at Chicago and St. Louis each summer, besides informal play at all times and all places. The exact dates of the tournaments will be arranged at the annual meeting of delegates from all the polo clubs, to be held on Tuesday night at the Metropolitan Club.

The bookings for the minor events all hinge on the selection of dates for the two greatest tournaments of the season. There are two championship tournaments, but three championships.

The amateur championship, for teams of four from any club in the Polo Association, is for a trophy presented by William Waldorf Astor through the Tuxedo Club. At the same tournament the opening event is always for the junior championship cup, the gift of Samuel D. Warren of Boston.

The second championship tournament is the open event, instituted last year, which is for teams of four without regard to their club affiliations. This championship would hardly have been suggested but for the hope that one or more teams were coming from abroad to play in the Olympic tournament

at St. Louis and would play our picked teams for the open title at Van Cortlandt Park in the fall on their way home.

The foreigners did not materialize, but there was a rattling good match between two home teams that represented the picked men of three cities—New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Rain fell during the last period and the afternoon had been gloomy and threatening throughout, yet from 6,000 to 8,000 persons stayed to cheer the finish.

The interest displayed by the public and by the poloists, who gathered from the clubs far and near, in the match has decided the Polo Association to retain the open championship as an annual fixture, and dates for it will be assigned at Tuesday's meeting.

It will be announced at the meeting that there is now no prospect of a team coming from Hurlingham this year. The Hurlingham Club has voted down the project, and the various attempts to get a team to come on its own hook have not panned out. The rich players don't care to come, and the players who would like to can't afford it.

Promises of royal hospitality and good matches over here have not been effective with the Englishmen. To get them to come, as far as can be learned, the Polo Association will have to offer as side inducements some straight tips on the stock market or else guarantee a silver mine or two and give the stock to the visitors.

Camden's tournament, which set the ball rolling for the year, was for team and three-handed matches, with varying handicap conditions and for trophies presented by the club and Messrs. Childs, Krumholz, Barstow, Taintor and Cameron. The aim of the club is to make Camden a polo centre for the South, to a still greater degree than has been attained, for the climate and conditions are unsurpassed for the enjoyment of the game throughout the winter.

The Northerners who bring their ponies to Camden and play there find they beat the season by two or three months, for when they come to the local tournaments they are in good training and their ponies are as hard as nails.

The amateur championship tournament

has been held annually since 1895, the Astor cup now being in the possession of the Myopia Hunt Club, and the Warren cup, representing the junior championship, and first played for in 1900, is held by the Rockaway Hunting Club. The tournament took place last year at the Point Judith Country Club, Narragansett Pier. There are two opposing theories regarding the place of playing it to be thrashed out at the annual meeting.

Prospect Park in Brooklyn was for many years the place of play, to the delight of immense throngs of onlookers, the great stretch of turf being at each match the centre of a hollow square formed by from 20,000 to 30,000 persons. The series was a holiday attraction for an army and in a broad way benefited the game, or at least brought a knowledge of the game home to thousands, also the fact that to be born with a silver spoon does not unfit a man for hard and dangerous riding.

There were minor drawbacks. The club sets did not all fancy the journey to town in the summer's heat for the matches, for

one thing, and for the last few years the venue has been away—at Narragansett Pier, Philadelphia, Saratoga, and twice at Boston.

"Now," say one faction of the delegates, "it is time to make our championship a public holiday again. Let us hold the tournament on Squadron A's field at Van Cortlandt Park, where the open last fall proved that a crowd will turn out for good polo, or otherwise let us hold it again at Prospect Park. We have done enough missionary work battling around the country; now let's have an old time public tournament and a howling mob to keep the players hot in the fray."

"Public spirit is what should actuate us in choosing the field for the championship," say others of the delegates, "not the idle desire to flaunt before a crowd in a public park. Westward the star of polo should wend its way this time if the Polo Association is sincere in its wish to rank as a national organization."

"There is a delightful field to play on at the Onwentsia Club, near Chicago, with the best of clubhouse accommodation, and Kansas City, St. Louis and Buffalo have also clubs to be considered. Buffalo more than once has asked for the tournament, only to be turned down."

"Yet they have been playing the game there since 1880, and the Buffalo team once upset the crack Westchester team, then of the Fifth Avenue polo grounds. All the coddling of the game has been in the East, and it is high time that the Polo Association did something for the West."

The Buffalo Country Club had a home and home match with the Toronto Polo Club last summer, winning both at home and in Canada. The field would be a central meeting place for the teams from West and East.

It could be still more enterprising for the Polo Association to hold the tournament at Onwentsia, and the boom that this act would give the game in the West would well repay the trouble. If the West is again ignored, to quote one of the delegates in favor of Onwentsia, the players there should

set up a polo association of their own. If held in the West the tournament would probably be in the first week in August.

Thirty-five clubs have the right to send delegates to Tuesday's meeting. The Polo Association had its start in 1880, but the game had been played about New York since 1876.

H. L. Herbert has been elected president at every annual meeting since the beginning, and W. A. Hazard has been as regularly made the secretary for six years or so.

Polo is the game of games, the sport of sports, to its votaries, for it combines the zest of race riding with the hard hitting of racquets, and, moreover, it is as dangerous as steeplechasing.

It is not a game for the poor man—at least tournament polo is not—for it entails a string of from four to eight fast ponies that must be kept up at the cost of a racing stable, yet never brings in a purse. There are other essentials to make the game a costly one, but no one who may afford it ever regrets the outlay as it brings in a sound return in health and enjoyment.

The other sort of polo, the pottering or garden variety, is not so expensive and may be kept up with a couple of ponies.

The ponies from the ranches are in demand in England and here for the game, although there are a few who raise ponies in the East and South. A good Western pony will bring from \$500 to \$1,500, and now they receive a preliminary training before being put on the market.

The dealers come from Texas and Wyoming, or other points, with their droves in the spring and go back for more when they sell out. They follow the polo tournaments to this extent, for they always bring their ponies to the group of clubs wherein the players are assembled.

A polo pony will improve each season and will last for five or six years, yet there is always room for more fast ones in the stable. The dealers, too, find a demand for every horse they bring on, even if it isn't a crackerjack. But good players will buy only the best ponies.

Fortune Telling a Fad Now

LATEST Ways in Which the Future Is Revealed—The Lady Who Inspects Auras at \$10 an Hour and the California Young Woman Who Has Inspirations About Your Palms.

Even the punch brewed according to a famous formula handed down in a Virginia family from Colonial days had not promoted absolute contentment among the little groups who were sipping it. Futuristic glances were being cast toward the brief, winding staircase by which the studio, where the young woman was waiting, was reached, and as apparent as the iron ladder hanging before a tapestry draped curtain was the prevailing anxiety for an evidently expected arrival.

"What's every one watching for?" asked a man of a woman sitting beside him beneath the old iron ladder. The man was making studies of studio life for a novel he was writing.

"Did I not tell you," answered the woman, "that a young person from California who does remarkable things in the way of readings from the hand and another, the grand-niece of a famous English statesman, who explains the sort of invisible rainbow, aura she calls it, each one is moving about in, and what it means, are to be here?"

"No, you didn't mention it, but I might have known it was something of the kind," said the man. "It's the same thing everywhere. Just now no entertainment establishment that does not include something in the way of psychics, real or pretended. There is no escaping it, and—"

His further remarks were cut off by the woman's laying her hand on his arm quickly with a gesture that turned his eyes to a party of two men and three women who had just emerged from the winding staircase.

"The tall, slender woman with the pale, pure face is the Californian who reads from the hand," said the woman in a low voice under cover of the general flutter incident to the coming of the eagerly expected guest. "She reminds me of a wind flower. See, she does not seem to walk, but sways into the place she desires to reach, and the desired place, you will observe, is admirably

suited to her purpose as a centre of interest."

The young woman would take no punch, just a cup of Russian tea, which she sipped with quick daintiness. A young man attending her asked:

"Which system of palmistry do you use, or have you one of your own?"

"I neither have a system of my own nor do I use any other," she answered. "The lines of the hands, as designated by palmistry, are a deep mystery to me. I do not know one from another, and yet it is from them that I read."

"Where did I learn and how do I do it? I cannot tell save this: I look at the lines in the hand, they assume significance and I get quick, vivid impressions, which I am assured are usually correct, though I cannot do equally well for all people."

"You say why? I am sure I do not know. I suppose it is a part of the law of attraction and repulsion."

The man who was making notes for his novel joined the group gathered about the reader of palms.

"May I look in your hand?" she asked turning toward him and raising her shining, enigmatic eyes to his face.

He extended his hand, and she pressed the palm together with the fingers of her right hand until the lines were deeply indented little fissures. Then she proceeded to tell what she saw while her eyelids drooped and she seemed deeply introspective. Her communication was brief, and in a few moments she turned and took another palm.

Is she a professional? asked the man of the notebook of his woman friend.

"No, oh, no, she is not professional. That is just her social stock in trade, but perhaps the lady of high degree and aura will tell you the rest of the story. Here she is now," as with a laugh and a rush like a sudden breeze bringing the stimulating savor of

the sea, the lady in question, who deals in futures and other things, came nimbly up the crooked staircase and swept in among the delighted guests.

But she did not come as a gratis feature of the reception. Far from it. Her coming was to add the distinction of her presence, and for other reasons known to herself and her friend the artist. Her gift this lady does not give, but sells, and for a sum which is not counted in small figures, as such things go.

With her attentive hostess she went from one to another giving eloquent, alluring little word glimpses of rainbow auras of those she met. Just enough to make those who heard want more, and with reason, for what availed it a man to know that his soul nimbus is a sapphire blue, gold, green and white if he has no idea what it means?

How then were those at this reception to know the value and use of their possessions? There was but one way and that was to pay the lady \$10 an hour while she explained. Still, unsatisfying as were the glimpses given, every one wanted them.

As the lady fitted each with an aura of different colors and shades of color he was assured that they surely had a deep and important meaning. No more. Not a word as to this meaning was vouchsafed. The Scots are canny, whether it is with things seen in the ordinary way or those revealed by the second sight for which they are famed.

Although the fair Californian was well nigh forsaken for the woman who was distributing the invisible color schemes, she did not seem to mind, but quietly watched the proceeding, her inscrutable, calm expression giving no evidence of her thought.

Later, as is the custom among those who make psychic revelations, the two read for each other. The reader of palms told a long and flattering tale, while evi-

dently warmed the heart of the woman of auras, for afterward she bestowed an aura on the reader of palms, which she said was of unusual beauty. More than this she told her that the gold that encircled her meant power; the white purity, and the green sympathy.

This was gratifying to the young woman, and stimulated those who had been told that they stood possessed of red, blue, violet and other color combinations to desire to know what these unknown quantities signified. A number then and there made arrangements for a private interview.

Not with the aura interpreter herself, but her companion. Of course, one able to see each human being clothed in radiant color rays of the soul, indicative of what he has been, is and will be, and in doing this able to make her time worth 16 2-3 cents a minute, must have a companion to look after details.

Several weeks after this reception a number of those who had arranged for life readings met in a drawing room, and as they sipped their tea related their experiences.

"She is perfectly wonderful," said one of the young women, who had had her reading only the day before—the lady who deals in auras has so many engagements that one must make appointments weeks in advance. "Why, she told me things about myself I never thought of before, and I wouldn't have missed knowing them for anything."

"She said I was born for a certain place in the world and told me just how to get it. You see each color has a meaning, and if you use them right and they are the right colors they are like wings that bear you to your destiny. She calls them wings of destiny, which I think is very pretty."

Before she had finished my life reading, Mrs. James L— came to take her automobile.

Ever since she told about the shot in her husband's head, Mrs. L— has been devoted to her.

"The shot in her husband's head? What do you mean?" asked one of the listeners.

"Why, haven't you heard about that? You know James L— is the principal owner of a Pittsburgh manufactory. During a strike a man shot him."

"Although the shot was removed, he was never so well as before, and his wife brought one of his gloves to Mrs. G— to see if she could tell what the trouble was. Mrs. G— diagnoses disease and gives life readings by holding something the person has worn."

"Nothing had been said to her of the shooting and she did not know of it, but after holding the glove a few minutes she told how many shot had been removed and said there were two which were not found that were deeply imbedded, and it was these which were causing the trouble. This was correct."

"Strange!" said the hostess. Then, turning to a woman at her right, she asked: "Did you also get a reading?"

"I did, and what I incidentally heard and saw was quite as entertaining as what I paid for having told. As to the past, I knew that; what she said of the future I am not sure about, and the things she assured me of as to heaven no one can either prove or disprove."

"Do tell us what she said about heaven," related the young woman who had already related her experience.

"But what of the experience that you say was more interesting than your life reading?" asked one of two men who had come in.

The young woman said that she who both reveals and interprets soul colors after a most interesting telling of her early life, and her gift was in the hands of

lands of Scotland, where she was born, is called the third eye, that she took no note of time. Not having finished, she gave no heed when the arrival of a well known society woman, who had an appointment with her, was announced.

With utter disregard of the fact that the lady was waiting, she continued to explain how it came about that she was able to distinguish different characteristics through the color halo, which she sees by inner sight. Among other things, she said that a person of passionate and violent nature appeared to her surrounded by deep crimson; one tender and maternal to emit lavender, a person particularly peaceful in spirit to exhibit a delicate, luminous gray, those imbued with hope, enthusiasm and ambition appeared to radiate gold, and when this mingled with white, and the white predominated, godliness and truth were the leading characteristics. One afflicted with a mortal sickness seemed enveloped in a black or purple cloud.

When the interpreter of soul colors would have made an end of all this the young woman really did not know, if the door of the room in which they were had not been somewhat violently thrown open by the woman whose husband counts his wealth by many millions. This lady, being one who does not possess her soul in patience and is in the habit of using language, said:

"What's the matter with you? This time belongs to me! You get ready to receive me—quick!"

She who sees soul radiations sprang up—she sits on an ottoman, at the side of the one for whom she is interpreting—and ordered the lady who had opened her door without the ceremony of rapping on of the room.

To consult a psychic descended from a well known family, including at least one member famed the world around, is not an altogether common privilege. The lady to whom money is no object had set her mind on having a life reading. Quickly taking into account that she could not get what she desired elsewhere, she retreated backward, as from the presence of royalty, into the waiting room, saying

with a laugh: "Don't let us quarrel. Come, kiss me and make up, and give me my reading."

She of the auras, knowing how to give and take, and being by nature of a sunny temperament, stepped forward with quick grace saying:

"If you will permit me," and, raising the veil of her client, who was very much made up, with the corner of a handkerchief she wiped a spot on her cheek and kissed it. Then the reading for the lady who had made the scene went on.

"What success Nina V— is having since she took those number lessons," said the hostess. "Who would have thought that with the hard and heavy mathematics, which have been her delight since she was a child, she would score a social triumph? The way in which she juggles with numbers and the swift results she gets as to the people whose numbers she is interpreting, is really amazing. At every function where she has been lately she has been sought after more than any one, and she is showered with invitations."

This fortune telling, character reading had certainly in the plain girl's opportunity, said one of the men. "The other evening at the C—'s the prettiest girls were forsaken for the astrologer who was hired for the occasion."

"She gave each a little five minute summary that was excellent. I noticed that especially delighted the younger set; other people are not as willing to give their birth dates."

Then this hostess gave the names and addresses of several of the girls, with the specialty of each. One was best for business, another for health, and yet another as to affairs of the heart. Each present took the address of one or more, but all made a note of her address whose specialty is in the realm of love.